

The Mirror

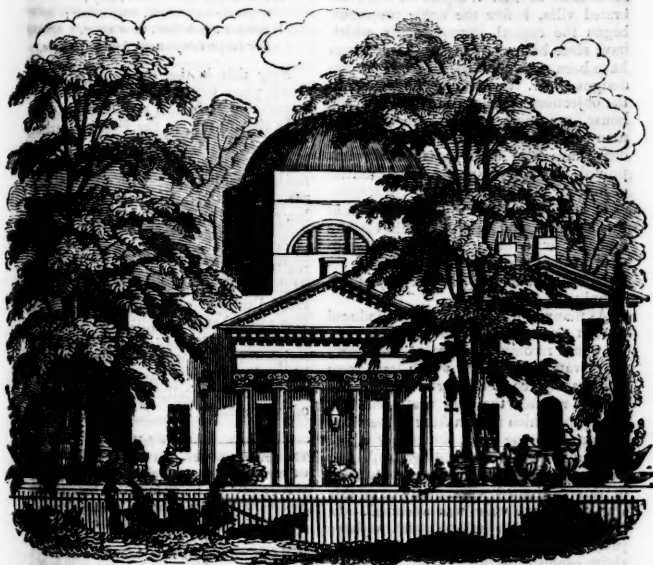
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 269.]

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[PRICE 2d.]

Duke of Devonshire's Villa, Chiswick.



THE lamented death of the Right Hon. George Canning has naturally excited the curiosity of our readers to the villa in which that eminent statesman breathed his last; and we have therefore obtained from our artist an original drawing, which has been taken since the melancholy event occurred, and from which we are now enabled to give the above correct and picturesque engraving.

Chiswick House is the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, built by the last Earl of Burlington, whose taste and skill as an architect have been frequently recorded. The ascent to the house is by a noble double flight of steps, on one side of which is a statue of Palladio, and on the other that of Inigo Jones. The portico is supported by six fluted Corinthian pillars, with a pediment; and a dome at the top enlightens a beautiful octagonal saloon. "This house," says Mr. Walpole, "the idea of which is borrowed from a wellknown villa of Palladio, and is a model of taste, though not without

faults, some of which are occasioned by too strict adherence to rules and symmetry. Such are too many corresponding doors in spaces so contracted; chimneys between windows, and, which is worse, windows between chimneys; and vestibules however beautiful, yet little secured from the damps of this climate. The trusses that support the ceiling of the corner drawing-room are beyond measure massive, and the ground apartment is rather a diminutive catacomb than a library in a northern latitude. Yet these blemishes, and Lord Hervey's wit, who said 'the house was too small to inhabit, and too large to hang to one's watch,' cannot depreciate the taste that reigns throughout the whole. The larger court, dignified by picturesque cedars, and the classic scenery of the small court, that unites the old and new house, are more worth seeing than many fragments of ancient grandeur which our travellers visit under all the dangers attendant on long voyages. The garden is in the Italian

taste, but divested of conceits, and far preferable to every style that reigned till our late improvements. The buildings are heavy, and not equal to the purity of the house. The lavish quantity of urns and sculpture behind the garden front should be retrenched." Such were the sentiments of Mr. Walpole on this celebrated villa, before the noble proprietor began the capital improvements which have since been completed. Two wings have been added to the house, from the designs of Mr. Wyattville. These remove the objections that have been made to the house, are more fanciful and beautiful than convenient and habitable; the gardens have also been considerably improved, and now display all the beauties of modern planting.

It is a remarkable coincidence that at this secluded and beautiful villa Charles James Fox terminated his glorious career, in the same month, and having arrived at the same age (fifty-seven) as Mr. Canning.

As many of our readers may be induced to visit this quiet and picturesque spot, we would recommend them to pass down the private carriage-way which leads from Turnham-green to the porter's lodge, and having reached the door that opens to a rural lane which runs in front of the villa, to turn into the field, the gate of which is situated near a small bridge, and from thence a delightful view may be obtained of this celebrated villa. It was on this spot the above view was sketched. In returning through the lane which we have just alluded to, the first turning on the right conducts to the church, which interestingly-ancient edifice demands a remark in this place.

Chiswick church is situated near the water side. The present structure originally consisted only of a nave and chancel, and was built about the beginning of the fifteenth century, at which time the tower was erected at the charge of William Bortal, vicar of Chiswick, who died in 1435. It is built of stone and flint, as is the north wall of the church and chancel; the latter has been repaired with brick: a transverse aisle, at the east end of the nave, was added on the south side in the middle of the last, and a corresponding aisle on the south side, towards the beginning of the last century. The former was enlarged in the year 1772, by subscription, and carried on to the west end of the nave: both the aisles are of brick.

In the churchyard is a monument to the memory of William Hogarth. On this monument, which is ornamented with a mask, a laurel wreath, a palette, pencils, and a book, inscribed, "Analysis of

Beauty," are the following lines, by his friend and contemporary, the late David Garrick:—

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart!
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature move thee, drop a tear;
If neither touch thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here."

Near this is the tomb of Dr. Rose, many years distinguished as a critic in a respectable periodical publication.

In the church, in the Earl of Burlington's vault, is interred the celebrated Kent, a painter, architect, and father of modern gardening. "In the first character," says Mr. Walpole, "he was below mediocrity; in the second, he was the restorer of the science; in the last, an original, and the inventor of an art that realizes painting and improves nature. Mahomet imagined an Elysium, but Kent created many." He frequently declared, it is said, that he caught his taste in gardening from reading the picturesque descriptions of Spencer. Mason, noticing his mediocrity as a painter, pays this fine tribute to his excellence in the decoration of rural scenery:—

—————"He felt
The pencil's power—but fir'd by higher forms
Of beauty than that pencil knew to paint,
Work'd with the living hues that Nature lent,
And realiz'd his landscapes. Generous he,
Who gave to Painting what the wayward nymph
Refus'd her votary; those Elysian scenes,
Which would she emulate, her nicest hand
Must all its force of light and shade employ.

On the outside of the wall of the churchyard, on a stone tablet, is the following curious inscription:—"This wall was made at ye charges of ye right honourable and trulie pious Lorde Francis Russel, Duke of Bedford, out of true zeal and care for ye keeping of this churchyard, and ye wardrobe of God's saints, whose bodies lay therein buried, from violating by swine and other profanation, so witnesseth William Walker, V., A.D. 1623."

We cannot better conclude our description than with a sketch from Sir Richard Phillips's "Morning's Walk to Kew." He was walking on the opposite banks of the river, when on a sudden he caught the sound of a ring of village bells. "Surely," he exclaimed, "they are Chiswick bells!—the very bells under the sound of which I received part of my early education, and, as a schoolboy, passed the happiest days of my life!—Well might their tones vibrate to my in-

most soul, and kindle uncommon sympathies!" I now recollected that the winding of the river must have brought me nearer to that simple and primitive village than the profusion of wood had permitted me to perceive, and my memory had been unconsciously acted upon by the tones which served as keys to all the associations connected with these bells, their church and the village of Chiswick! I listened again, and now discriminated those identical sounds which I had not heard during a period of more than thirty years. I distinguished the very words in the successive tones, which the school-boys and puerile imaginations at Chiswick used to combine with them. In thought, I became again a schoolboy—"Yes," said I, "the six bells tell me that my *dun cow* has just calv'd, exactly as they did above thirty years since!"—Did the reader never encounter a similar key-note, leading to a multitude of early and vivid recollections? Those well-remembered tones, in like manner, brought before my imagination numberless incidents and personages no longer important, or no longer in existence. My scattered and once-loved schoolmates, their characters and their various fortunes, passed in rapid review before me; my school-master, his wife, and all the gentry, and heads of families, whose orderly attendance at divine service on Sundays, while those well-remembered bells were "chiming for church," (but now gone and mouldering in the adjoining graves,) were again presented to my perceptions! With what pomp and form they used to enter and depart from their house of God! I still saw with the mind's eye the widow Hogarth, and her maiden relative, Richardson, walking up the aisle dressed in their silken sacks, their raised head-dresses, their black hoods, their lace ruffles, and their high-crook'd canes, preceded by their aged servant, Samuel; who, after he had wheeled his mistress to church in her Bath-chair, carried the prayer-books up the aisle, and opened and shut the pew! There too was the portly Dr. Griffiths, of the *Monthly Review*, with his literary wife in her neat and elevated wire-winged cap! And oftentimes the vivacious and angelic Duchess of Devonshire, whose bloom had not then suffered from the canker-worm of pecuniary distress, created by the luxury of charity! Nor could I forget the humble distinction of the aged sexton, Mortefee, whose skill in psalmody enabled him to lead that wretched group of singers, whom Hogarth so happily portrayed; whose performance with the pitch-fork excited so much wonder in little boys; and whose gesti-

culations and contortions of head, hand, and body, in beating time, were not outdone even by Joah Bates in the commemorations of Handel! Yes, simple and happy villagers! I remember scores of you;—how fortunately ye had, and still have, escaped the contagion of the metropolitan vices, though distant but five miles; and how many of you have I conversed with, who, at an adult age, had never beheld the degrading assemblage of its knaveries and miseries!

I revelled in the melancholy pleasure of these recollections, yielding my whole soul to that witchery of sensibility which magnifies the perception of being, till one of the bells was overset, when, the peal stopping, I had leisure to think on the rapid advance of the day, and on the consequent necessity of quickening my speed.

The Sketch-Book.

No. XLIV.

THE BLUE BOTTLE.

"A fly your honour."—Brighton Cliffs.

TALK of musquitoes!—a musquito is a gentleman who honourably runs you through with a small sword, and from whom (as from a mad dog) we may easily seek a defence in—*muslin*.

But your rosy-tory, hurly-burly blue-bottle, is no better than a bully. His head is a *humming-top*, and his tight blue little body like a tomahawk, cased in glittering steel, which he takes a delight in whirling against your head. I really believe, that to confine a nervous man in a room with one of these winged tormentors, on a July day, would inevitably destroy him in less than an hour.

He rudely and unceremoniously bumps away all sober reflection,—(I wonder whether the phrenological Spurzheim ever felt the *bumps* of a blue-bottle!) then his whimsical vagaries effectually defy repose; now settling with his tickling bandy legs upon your nose, and industriously insinuating his sharp proboscis, and anon abruptly buzzing in your ear—no secret—off he shoots again to his own music.

Now, truly, his *hum-drum* puts me in mind of the whirring tone of the hurdy-gurdy, while his *ad libitum* bumping against the booming window-panes sounds, to my fancy, like the unskilful accompaniment of a double drum, beaten by some unmusical urchin.

The house spider who spreads with so much care his beautiful nets for gnats, and moths, and smaller flies, finds alike his labour and his toils in vain to secure

this rampaging rogue; and, indeed, when the turbulent blue-bottle chances, in his bouncing random flight, to get entangled in the glutinous meshes, he shakes and roars, and blusters so loudly, until he breaks away, that the spider affrighted, invariably takes advantage of his long legs to scamper off to his sanctum in the cracked wainscot—like some imbecile watchman, who fearing to encounter a tall inebriated bruiser, sneaks away with admirable discretion to the security of his snug box, praying the drunkard may speedily reel into another beat.

Your noisy people generally grow taciturn in their cups—but Sir Blue-bottle, though he drinks deep draughts of your wine, particularly if it abound in sweetness, is never changed. He is naturally giddy, and according to entomologists, always sees more than *double*, while his head was never made to be *turned*. So may you hope for peace—only in his flight or death!—*Absurdities: in Prose and Verse.*

LAW AND LAWYERS.

(For the Mirror.)

WILLIAM the Conqueror entertained the difficult project of totally abolishing the English language, and for that purpose, he ordered that in all schools throughout the kingdom, the youth should be instructed in the French tongue. Until the reign of Edward III. the pleadings in the supreme courts of judicature were performed in French, when it was appointed that the pleas should be pleaded in English; but that they should be entered or recorded in Latin. The deeds were drawn in the same language; the laws were composed in that idiom, and no other tongue was used at court. It became, says Hume, the language of all fashionable company; and the English themselves ashamed of their own country, affected to excel in that foreign dialect. At Athens, and even in France and England, formal and prepared pleadings were prohibited, and it was unlawful to amuse the court with long, artful harangues; only it was the settled custom here, in important matters, to begin the pleadings with a text out of the holy scriptures. It is of late years that eloquence was admitted to the bar.

The account which the learned judge Hale gives of the lawyers, who pleaded in the 15th century, does them little honour. He condemns the reports during the reigns of Henry IV. and V. as inferior to those of the last twelve years of

Edward III. and he speaks but coolly of those which the reign of Henry VI. produces. Yet this deficiency of progressive improvement in the common law arose not from a want of application to the science; since we learn from Fortescue that there were no fewer than two thousand students attending on the inns of chancery and of court, in the time of its writer. Gray's-inn, in the time of Henry VIII. was so incommodious, that "the ancients of this house were necessitated to lodge double." Indeed until the beginning of the last century the lawyers lived mostly in their inns of court, or about Westminster-hall. But a great change has been effected; they are all now removed to higher ground, squares and genteel neighbourhoods, no matter how far distant from their chambers.

The number of judges in the courts of Westminster was by no means certain. Under Henry VI. there were at one time eight judges in the court of common pleas. Each judge took a solemn oath that "he would take no fee, pension, gift, reward, or bribe, from any suitor, saving meat and drink, which should be of no great value." In 1402, the salary of the chief justice of the king's bench was forty pounds per annum. In 1408, the chief justice of the common pleas had fifty-five marks per annum. In 1549, the chief justice of the king's bench had an addition of thirty pounds to his salary, and each justice of the same bench and common pleas, twenty pounds. At this time, a felony under the value of twelve pence, was not a capital offence; and twelve pence then was equal to sixty shillings at the present day.

To Richard III. on whom history has cast innumerable stains, England has considerable obligations as a legislator. Barrington thus speaks of him: "Not to mention his causing each act of parliament to be written in English and to be printed, he was the first prince on the English throne who enabled the justices of the peace to take bail; and he caused to be enacted a law against raising money by 'benevolence' which when pleaded by the citizens of London against Cardinal Wolsey, could only be answered by an averment, that Richard being a usurper and a murderer of his nephews, the laws of so wicked a man ought not to be forced." And a noble biographer, (Bacon's Henry VII.) says, "He was a good lawgiver for the ease and solace of the common people." Cardinal Wolsey to terrify the citizens of London into the general loan exacted in 1525, told them plainly, *that it were better that some should suffer indigence than that the king*

at this time should lack, and therefore beware and resist not, nor ruffle not in the case, for it may fortune to cost some people their heads. And says Hume, when Henry VIII. heard that the commons made a great difficulty of granting the required supply, he was so provoked that he sent for Edward Montague, one of the members who had a considerable influence on the house; and he being introduced to his majesty, had the mortification to hear him speak in these words: *Ho! man! will they not suffer my bill to pass?* And laying his hand on Montague's head, who was then on his knees before him, *get my bill passed by to-morrow, or else to-morrow this head of yours shall be off.* This cavalier manner of Henry's succeeded; for next day the bill passed. Another instance of arbitrary power is worth relating. In Strype's life of Stow we find, a garden house belonging to an honest citizen of London, (which chanced to obstruct the improvement of a powerful favourite, Thomas Cromwell,) "loosed from the foundation, borne on rollers, and replaced two and twenty feet within the garden," without the owner's leave being required; nay without his knowledge. The persons employed, being asked their authority for this extraordinary proceeding, made only this reply, "That Sir Thomas Cromwell had commanded them to do it," and none durst argue the matter. The father of the antiquary, Stow, (for it was he that was thus trampled upon,) "was fain to continue to pay his old rent, without any abatement, for his garden; though half of it was in this manner taken away."

TRIAL AND EXECUTION.

In days of yore, (says Aubrey) lords and gentlemen lived in the country like petty kings, had *jura regalia* belonging to the manors, had castles and boroughs, had gallows within their liberties, where they would try, condemn, and execute; never went to London but in parliament time, or once a year to do *homage* to the king. Justice was administered with great expedition, and too often with vindictive severity. Pennant informs us that "originally the time of trial and execution was to be within three suns! About the latter end of the seventeenth century the period was extended to *nine* days after sentence; but since a rapid and unjust execution in a petty Scottish town, 1720, the execution has been ordered to be deferred for forty days on the south, and sixty on the north side of the Tay, that time may be allowed for an application to the king for mercy. Stealing was first made capital in the reign of Henry I.

False coining, which was then a very common crime, was severely punished. Near fifty criminals of this kind were at one time hanged or mutilated. Laws were passed in Henry VIIIth's reign ordaining the king's suit for murder to be carried on within a year and a day. Formerly it did not usually commence till after, and as the friends of the person murdered often in the interval compounded matters with the criminal, the crime frequently passed unpunished. In 1503, an act was passed prohibiting the king from pardoning those convicted of wilful and premeditated murder; but this appears to have been done at the monarch's own request, and was liable to be rescinded at pleasure. In Henry the Eighth's reign, Harrison asserts that 73,000 criminals were executed for theft and robbery, which was nearly 2,000 a year. He adds, that in Elizabeth's reign, there were *only* between three and four hundred a year hanged for theft and robbery. It is said that the earliest law enacted in any country for the promotion of anatomical knowledge, was passed in 1540. It allowed the united companies of *Barbers and Surgeons* to have yearly the bodies of four criminals for dissection. In the year 1749, were executed at Tyburn, Usher Gahagan, Terence O'Connor, and Joseph Mapham, for filing gold money. Gahagan and Connor were papists of considerable families in Ireland; the former was a very good Latin scholar, and editor of Brindley's edition of the Classics; he translated *Pope's Essay on Criticism*, in Latin verse, and after his confinement, the *Temple of Fame*, and the *Messiah*, which he dedicated to the Duke of Newcastle, in hopes of a pardon; he also wrote verses in English to prince George (George III.) and to Mr. Adams, the recorder, which are published in the ordinary's account, together with a poetical address to the Duchess of Queensbury, by Connor. In 1752, it was enacted that every criminal convicted of wilful murder should be executed on the day next but one after sentence was passed, unless that happens to be on a Sunday: and in that case, they are to be executed on the Monday following. The judge may direct the body to be hung in chains, or to be delivered to the surgeons in order to its being dissected and anatomized; but in no case whatsoever is it to be buried till after it is dissected. The first punishment of hanging, drawing, and quartering, occurred in the year 1241. The form of our gallows was adopted by the Roman *Furca*, when Constantine abolished crucifixion. In France it had either a single, double, or treble frame, denoting

the rank of the territorial seigneur, whether gentleman, knight, or baron. The ancient gallows near London, had hooks for eviscerating, quartering, &c. the bodies of criminals. In the 16th century, the top, like the beam of a pair of scales, was made to move up and down; at one end hung a halter, at the other a large weight, the halter was drawn down, and being put round the criminal's neck, the weight at the other end lifted him from the ground. F. R. Y.

My Common-Place Book.

No. XIX.

NOVEL WRITERS AND NOVEL READERS.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY of men, who held no distinguished rank in the political world, is often very pleasant reading; especially where the writer has a strong tincture of vanity, and is obviously blind to his own character; for, if he does not know it himself, he is sure to let his readers know it; if he does not see the dark spots, he will not endeavour to conceal them; and, if he thinks them bright ones, he will blazon them. But novel-writing, when well done, is, after all, the best species of writing; for, if what all the world says, is true; what all the world reads, must be good. A novel writer, of any talents, will draw his portraits from the life—will catch at every striking feature, and generally paint man as he is; and there is this difference between actual histories and works of imagination, that the former are for the most part true in letter, but false in spirit; and the latter, false in letter, and true in spirit: the one is correct in names, dates, and places, but out of truth in everything else: the other is not correct in names, dates, and places, but perfectly true in every other point.

The worst part of a novel is the hero or heroine: these are too frequently fabrications from the author's fancy, instead of portraits from nature; or, if taken from life, they are tortured into a perfection that life never knew. This is too much the case with "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and ten thousand others. Ladies are not good hands in painting heroes, nor gentlemen always equal to the portraying of heroines. The author of *Werter* knew that, and therefore he did not disfigure his wicked and interesting work with an artificial Charlotte: he leaves her to the reader's own fancy, who has nothing to do but to fancy himself *Werter*, and his own imagination will paint Charlotte.

When the hero is made the vehicle of one moral lesson, as Vivian, in Miss

Edgeworth's "*Tales of Fashionable Life*," then there is no need of artificial ornament; and when there is no intention of presenting an unmixed character of evil, nothing remains but to draw from life, and the work is perfect. One of Miss Edgeworth's failings is of great service to her, in this kind of painting: she wants what some persons call feeling, that is to say, she does not believe in the omnipotence of love, and therefore would never have written such a book as the "*Sorrows of Werter*;" and if she had possessed the same materials, she would have produced a very different work—not so full of genius, perhaps, but an interesting and instructive tale.

Novels are productions more easily criticised than any others: every one may judge for himself of the truth or probability of the events, and the accuracy of the features of character. It is impossible almost to deceive a reader—to palm upon him fiction for truth; for the truth is felt, if it be there, and the falsehood is palpable and revolting. There is also an extensive light of information in them. They do not merely give one scene, or character, or class of characters; but their principles are generally applicable to a very wide extent—they exercise the mind to a habit of observation, and so far from giving false views of life, they more frequently direct us to its true estimate. To be sure, there is sometimes a degree of improbability in some of the incidents, which is mostly forgiven, if the whole mass be, in the main, true and accurate. There are certain standard incidents, which are common property—such as the discovery of relationships—the change of children—and liberal aunts, who make nothing of presenting a young married couple with twenty or thirty thousand pounds on their wedding day; but, if any young lady or gentleman is silly enough to marry, without the means of support, because they have read such things in novels, and have also read of rich uncles all of a sudden returning from the East or West Indies, to shower gold and pearls on all their relations, all that must be said for them is, that they have not sufficient sense to read "*Æsop's Fables*," and they might as easily be misled into the imagination that brutes could talk. It is a very weak charge against novels, that they present false views of life; for, when they do, none but silly people read them; and they are just as wise after, as they were before.

If there be any evil in novels at all, it is when they take people from their business—when they occupy a mother's time to the neglect of her children—when

they lead idle boys to neglect their lessons, and when they lead idle gentlefolks to fancy themselves employed, when they are only killing time. W. P. S.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

(For the Mirror.)

It appears by the Dutch papers that pigeons are now used to forward correspondence between different countries in Europe, and one was lately found resting on a house in Rotterdam. The carrier pigeon has its name from its remarkable sagacity in returning to the place where it was bred; and Lightow assures us, that one of these birds would carry a letter from Babylon to Aleppo, which is thirty days' journey, in forty-eight hours. This pigeon was employed in former times by the English factory to convey intelligence from Scanderon of the arrival of company's ships in that port, the name of the ship, the hour of her arrival, and whatever else could be comprised in a small compass, being written on a slip of paper, which was secured in such a manner under the pigeon's wing as not to impede its flight; and her feet were bathed in vinegar, with a view to keep them cool, and prevent her being tempted by the sight of water to alight, by which the journey might have been prolonged, or the billet lost. The pigeons performed this journey in two hours and a half. The messenger had a young brood at Aleppo, and was sent down in an uncovered cage to Scanderon, from whence, as soon as set at liberty, she returned with all possible expedition to her nest. It is said that the pigeons when let fly from Scanderon, instead of bending their course towards the high mountains surrounding the plain, mounted at once directly up, soaring still almost perpendicularly till out of sight, as if to surmount at once the obstacles intercepting their view of the place of their destination. Maillet, in his "Description de l'Egypte," tells us of a pigeon despatched from Aleppo to Scanderon, which, mistaking its way, was absent for three days, and in that time had made an excursion to the island of Ceylon; a circumstance then deduced from finding green cloves in the bird's stomach, and credited at Aleppo. In the time of the holy wars, certain Saracen ambassadors who came to Godfrey of Antioch from a neighbouring prince, sent intelligence to their master of the success of their embassy, by means of pigeons, fixing the billet to the bird's tail. Hircius and Brutus, at the siege of Modena, held a correspondence with one another

by means of pigeons. Ovid informs us that Taurus thenus, by a pigeon stained with purple, gave notice to his father of his victory at the Olympic games, sending it to him at Ægina; and Anacreon tells us, that he conveyed a *billet-doux* to his beautiful Bathyllid, by a dove. Thus, says Bewick, "the bird is let loose, and in spite of surrounding armies and every obstacle that would have effectually prevented any other means of conveyance, guided by instinct alone, it returns directly home, where the intelligence is so much wanted. Sometimes they have been the peaceful bearers of glad tidings to the anxious lover, and to the merchant of the no less welcome news of the safe arrival of his vessel at the desired port."

In this *flighty* and *pigeoning* age, I would recommend a *pigeon-carrier-company*, whose shares might be *elevated* to any height. P. T. W.

Miscellaneous.

NAMES OF SHEEP.

A RAM or wether lamb, after being weaned, is called a hog, or hoggitt, tag, or pug, throughout the first year, or until it renew two teeth; the ewe, a ewe-lamb, ewe-tag, or pug. In the second year the wether takes the name of shear-hog, and has his first two renewed or broad teeth, or he is called a two-toothed tag or pug; the ewe is called a thaive, or two-toothed ewe tag, or pug. In the third year, a shear hog or four-toothed wether, a four-toothed ewe or thaive. The fourth year, a six-toothed wether or ewe. The fifth year, having eight broad teeth, they are said to be fall-mouthed sheep. Their age also, particularly of the rams, is reckoned by the number of times they have been shorn, the first shearing taking place in the second year; a shearing, or one-shear, two-shear, &c. The term *pug* is, I believe, nearly become obsolete. In the north and in Scotland, ewe hogs are called *dimonts*, and in the west of England ram lambs are called *pur lambs*.

The ancient term *tup*, for a ram, is in full use. Crone still signifies an old ewe. Of *crook*, I know nothing of the etymology, and little more of the signification, only that the London butchers of the old school, and some few of the present, call Wiltshire sheep horned *crooks*. I believe *crook mutton* is a term of inferiority.

CONCEIT and confidence are both of them cheats; the first always imposes on itself, the second frequently deceives others too.—Zimmerman.

Ancient Powder Flask.



(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The enclosed curious drawing of an ancient powder “*flaske*,” both in form and ornament, may not be uninteresting to the readers of your valuable MIRROR at the approaching sporting season.

Gunpowder, when first invented, was carried in the horns of animals, for safety and convenience; though some time afterwards placed in flat leather cases or bottles, invented by the Germans, and called “*flaskes*.” A remarkably curious one of this description, evidently of the time of Queen Elizabeth, is here represented, and is formed of ivory, somewhat in the shape of a stag’s horn; the ornaments on it are carved in a good bold style, and represent an armed figure on horseback in full chase. The “*flaske*” is tipped at the end with silver, and measures about eight inches in length.

I remain, yours,

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

CHARACTER OF THE SEPOYS.

OUR countrymen at home are frequently perplexed by the apparent contradictions of a traveller from the East, when describing the characters and manners of the inhabitants of Hindostan. If, for instance, he alludes to our gallant sepoy,

he pours forth unmeasured praise, and appears altogether charmed with their docility, courage, honour, and fidelity. On the other hand, his opinion of the natives in the aggregate is often as exactly the reverse as it is possible to imagine. They are described, perhaps, in the strongest terms, as at once servile, cowardly, treacherous, and ungrateful. The fact is, that our troops are all from the northern provinces of India, the natives of which are a brave and generous race, who hold the profession of arms in the highest estimation. The *Bengallees*, on the contrary, (with the most universal and shameless indifference to truth,) are mean, effeminate, and avaricious. They are chiefly composed of merchants, copying clerks, mechanics, and domestic servants, and are invariably refused admittance into the company’s army. These people are vastly inferior to the natives of the upper provinces in mental and corporeal energy, though more polished in their manners, and more easily initiated into the arts and mysteries of civilized life. I will illustrate the nice sense of honour which distinguishes the native soldier by the following anecdote.

A sepoy of the Bengal native infantry was accused by one of his comrades of having stolen a rupee and a pair of trousers. The sergeant-major before whom, in the first instance, the charge was brought, was both unable and unwilling to give it credence. Besides the unusual circumstance of a native soldier being guilty of so base an act, the accused sepoy had always been remarkably conspicuous for his brave and upright conduct. His breast was literally covered with medals, and he had long been accustomed to the voice of praise. Still, however, justice demanded that the charge should not be dismissed without an impartial investigation. The whole affair was brought to the notice of the commanding officer, who desired that the sepoy’s residence should be immediately and thoroughly examined. On opening his knapsack, to the utter astonishment and regret of the whole regiment, the stolen property was discovered. None, however, looked more thunderstruck than the sepoy himself. He clenched his teeth in bitter agony, but spoke not a single word. The colonel told him, that though circumstances were fearfully against him, he would not yet pronounce him guilty, as it was not impossible he might be the victim of some malignant design. He therefore dismissed him from his presence until the result of further inquiries should produce a full conviction of his guilt or innocence. In a few hours the sepoy was

observed to leave his little hut, and walk with hurried steps to a neighbouring field. He was soon concealed from sight by a thick cluster of bamboos, beneath which he had often sheltered himself from the noontide sun. Suspecting the purpose of his present visit to so retired a spot, a comrade followed him, but was unfortunately too late to arrest the hand of the determined suicide. The poor fellow lay stretched on the ground, with his head hanging back, and the blood gushing from his open throat. He had effected his purpose with a sharp knife, which he still grasped, as if with the intention of inflicting another wound. He was carried to the hospital, and carefully attended, but the surgeon immediately pronounced his recovery impossible. A pen and ink were brought to him, and he wrote with some difficulty on a slip of paper, that he firmly hoped he had not failed in his attempt to destroy himself, for life was of no value without honour. He stated, too, that though it might now be almost useless to affirm his innocence, he hoped that a time might come when his memory should be freed from its present stain. He lingered no less than fifteen days in this dreadful state, and died, at last, apparently of mere starvation. It was my painful duty, as "officer of the day," to visit the hospital very frequently, and he invariably made signs of a desire for food. This it was, of course, impossible to give him, and any nourishment would merely have prolonged his misery. Two days before he died, it was discovered that a Bengallee servant of low caste, who had taken offence on some trivial occasion, had placed the stolen goods in the sepoy's bundle, and then urged the owner to accuse him of the theft. The disclosure of this circumstance appeared to give infinite satisfaction to the dying soldier.

London Weekly Review.

HOUSE LAUNCHING.

THE launching of the two brick houses in Garden-street was completely successful. They were moved nearly ten feet, occupied at the time by their tenants, without having sustained any injury. The preparations were the work of some time; the two buildings having been put upon ways, or into a cradle, were easily screwed on a new foundation. The inventor of this simple and cheap mode of moving tenanted brick buildings, is entitled to the thanks of the public. In the course of time, it is likely that houses will be put up upon ways at brick or stone quarries, and sold as ships are, to

be delivered in any part of the city.—*American Paper.*

In the course of time we really do not know what is not to happen in America. Jonathan promises to grow so big, and to do such wonders in a day or two, that no bounds can be placed to his performances in the future tense. Everything will of course be on a scale of grandeur proportioned to his country, which, as he observes in his *Travels in England*, is "bigger and more like a world" than our boasted land; instead, therefore, of going about in confined, close carriages as people do here, the Americans will rattle through the streets to their routs and parties in their houses. One tenanted brick building will be driven up to the door of another. A further improvement may here be suggested. Jonathan is fond of chairs with rockers, that is, chairs with a cradle-bottom, on which he seesaws himself as he smokes his pipe and fuddles his sublime faculties with liquor. Now by putting a house on rockers, this trouble and exertion of the individual on a scale so small and unworthy of a great people would be spared, and every tenant of a brick building would be rocked at the same time, and by one common piece of machinery. The effect of a whole city nid-nid-nodding after dinner, will be extremely magnificent and worthy of America. As for the feasibility of the thing, nothing can be more obvious. If houses can be put upon cradles for launching, they can be put upon cradles for rocking; and if tenants do not object to being conveyed from one part of the city to another in their mansions, they will not surely take fright at an agreeable stationary seesaw in them.—*London Magazine.*

GOOD NIGHT TO THE SEASON.

Thus runs the world away.—HAMLET.

GOOD-NIGHT to the Season! 'Tis over!

Gay dwellings no longer are gay;
The courtier, the gambler, the lover,
Are scatter'd, like swallows, away:
There's nobody left to invite one,
Except my good uncle and spouse;
My mistress is bathing at Brighton,
My patron is sailing at Cowes:
For want of a better employment,
Till Ponto and Don can get out,
I'll cultivate rural enjoyment,
And angle immensely for trout.

Good-night to the Season!—the buildings

Enough to make Inigo sick;
The paintings, and plasterings, and gildings,
Of stucco, and marble, and brick;
The orders deliciously blended,
From love of effect, into one;
The club-houses only intended,
The palaces only begun;

The hall where the fiend, in his glory,
Sits staring at putty and stones,
And scrambles from story to story,
To rattle at midnight his bones.

Good-night to the Season!—the dances,
The fillings of hot little rooms,
The glancings of rapturous glances,
The fancyings of fancy costumes;
The pleasures which Fashion makes duties,
The praisings of fiddles and flutes,
The luxury of looking at beauties,
The tedium of talking to mutes;
The female diplomatists, planners
Of matches for Laura and Jane,
The ice of her Ladyship's manners,
The ice of his Lordship's champagne.

Good-night to the Season!—the rages
Led off by the chiefs of the throng,
The Lady Matilda's new pages,
The Lady Eliza's new song;
Miss Fennel's Macaw, which at Boodle's
Is held to have something to say;
Mrs. Splenetic's musical Poodles,
Which bark "Batti, batti!" all day;
The pony Sir Araby sported,
As hot and as black as a coal,
And the Lion his mother imported,
In bearskins and grease, from the Pole.

Good-night to the Season!—the Toso,
So very majestic and tall;
Miss Ayton, whose singing was so so,
And Pasta, divinest of all;
The labour in vain of the Ballet,
So sadly deficient in stars;
The foreigners thronging the Alley,
Exhaling the breath of cigars;
The "jog," where some heiress, how killing,
Environ'd with Exquisites sits,
The lovely one out of her drilling,
The silly ones out of their wits.

Good-night to the Season!—the splendour
That beam'd in the Spanish Bazaar,
Where I purchased—my heart was so tender—
A card-case,—a pasteboard guitar,—
A bottle of perfume,—a girdle,—
A lithograph'd Riego full-grown,
Whom Bigotry drew on a hurdle,
That artists might draw him on stone,—
A small panorama of Seville,—
A trap for demolishing flies,—
A caricature of the Devil,
And a look from Miss Sheridan's eyes.

Good-night to the Season!—the flowers
Of the grand horticultural fête,
When boudoirs were quilted for bowers,
And the fashion was not to be late;
When all who had money and leisure,
Grow rural o'er ices and wines,
All pleasantly toiling for pleasure,
All hungrily pining for pines,
And making of beautiful speeches,
And marring of beautiful shows,
And feeding on delicate peaches,
And treading on delicate toes.

Good night to the Season!—another
Will come with its trifles and toys,
And hurry away, like its brother,
In sunshine; and odour, and noise.

Will it come with a rose or a briar?
Will it come with a blessing or curse?
Will its bonnets be lower or higher?
Will its morals be better or worse?
Will it find me grown thinner or fatter,
Or fonder of wrong or of right,
Or married, or buried?—no matter,
Good-night to the season, Good-night!

New Monthly Magazine.

TIGER TAMING.

A PARTY of gentlemen from Bombay, one day visiting the stupendous cavern temple of Elephanta, discovered a tiger's whelp in one of the obscure recesses of the edifice. Desirous of kidnapping the cub, without encountering the fury of its dam, they took it up hastily and cautiously, and retreated. Being left entirely at liberty, and extremely well fed, the tiger grew rapidly, appeared tame and fondling as a dog, and in every respect entirely domesticated. At length, when it had attained a vast size, and notwithstanding its apparent gentleness, began to inspire terror by its tremendous powers of doing mischief, a piece of raw meat, dripping with blood, fell in its way. It is to be observed, that, up to that moment, it had been studiously kept from raw animal food. The instant, however, it had dipped its tongue in blood, something like madness seemed to have seized upon the animal; a destructive principle, hitherto dormant, was awakened—it darted fiercely, and with glaring eyes, upon its prey—tore it with fury to pieces—and, growling and roaring in the most fearful manner, rushed off towards the jungles. —*London Weekly Review.*

RUNNING A MUCK.

THE inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago, and particularly of the island of Java, are of a very sullen and revengeful disposition. When they consider themselves grossly insulted, they are observed to become suddenly thoughtful; they squat down upon the ground, and appear absorbed in meditation. While in this position, they revolve in their breasts the most bloody and ferocious projects of revenge, and, by a desperate effort, reconcile themselves with death. When their terrible resolution is taken, their eyes appear to flash fire, their countenance assumes an expression of preternatural fury; and springing suddenly on their feet, they unsheath their daggers, plunge them into the heart of every one within their reach, and rushing out into the streets, deal wounds and murder as they run, until the arrow or dagger of some bold individual terminates their career. This is called *running a muck*.—*Ibid.*

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF
NEW WORKS.

THE JEW'S HARP.

THE memoirs of Madame de Genlis first made known the astonishing powers of a poor German soldier on the Jew's harp. This musician was in the service of Frederick the Great, and finding himself one night on duty under the windows of the King, playing the Jew's harp with so much skill, that Frederick, who was a great amateur of music, thought he heard a distinct orchestra. Surprised on learning that such an effect could be produced by a single man with two Jew's harps, he ordered him into his presence; the soldier refused, alleging, that he could only be relieved by his colonel; and that if he obeyed, the king would punish him the next day, for having failed to do his duty. Being presented the following morning to Frederick, he was heard with admiration, and received his discharge and fifty dollars. This artist, whose name Madame de Genlis does not mention, is called Koch; he has not any knowledge of music, but owes his success entirely to a natural taste. He has made his fortune by travelling about, and performing in public and private, and is now living retired at Vienna, at the advanced age of more than eighty years. He used two Jew's harps at once, in the same manner as the peasants of the Tyrol, and produced, without doubt, the harmony of two notes struck at the same moment, which was considered by the musically-curious as somewhat extraordinary, when the limited powers of the instrument were remembered. It was Koch's custom to require that all the lights should be extinguished, in order that the illusion produced by his playing might be increased.

It was reserved, however, for Mr. Eulenstein to acquire a musical reputation from the Jew's harp. After ten years of close application and study, this young artist has attained a perfect mastery over this untractable instrument. In giving some account of the Jew's harp, considered as a medium for musical sounds, we shall only present the result of his discoveries. This little instrument, taken singly, gives whatever grave sound you may wish to produce, as a *third*, a *fifth*, or an *octave*. If the grave tonic is not heard in the bass Jew's harp, it must be attributed, not to the defectiveness of the instrument, but to the player. In examining this result, you cannot help re-

marking the order and unity established by nature in harmonical bodies, which places music in the rank of exact sciences. The Jew's harp has three different tones; the bass tones of the first octave bear some resemblance to those of the flute and clarinet; those of the middle and high, to the *vox humana* of some organs; lastly, the harmonical sounds are exactly like those of the *harmonica*. It is conceived, that this diversity of tones affords already a great variety in the execution, which is always looked upon as being feeble and trifling, on account of the smallness of the instrument. It was not thought possible to derive much pleasure from any attempt which could be made to conquer the difficulties of so limited an instrument; because, in the extent of these octaves, there were a number of spaces which could not be filled up by the talent of the player; besides, the most simple modulation became impossible. Mr. Eulenstein has remedied that inconvenience, by joining sixteen Jew's harps, which he tunes by placing smaller or greater quantities of sealing-wax at the extremity of the tongue. Each harp then sounds one of the notes of the gamut, diatonic or chromatic, and the performer can fill all the intervals, and pass all the tones, by changing the harp. That these mutations may not interrupt the measure, one harp must always be kept in advance, in the same manner as a good reader advances the eye, not upon the word which he pronounces, but upon that which follows."

*Philosophy in Sport.*FORM OF ANCIENT BOOKS, THEIR
ILLUMINATIONS, &c.

THE mode of compacting the sheets of their books remained the same among the Greeks during a long course of time. The sheets were folded three or four together, and separately stitched: these parcels were then connected nearly in the same mode as is at present practised. Books were covered with linen, silk, or leather.

The page was sometimes undivided; sometimes it contained two, and in a few instances of very ancient MSS., three columns. A peculiarity which attracts the eye in many Greek manuscripts, consists in the occurrence of capitals on the margin, some way in advance of the line to which they belong; and this capital sometimes happens to be the middle letter of a word. For when a sentence finishes in the middle of a line, the initial of the next is not distinguished, that honour being conferred upon the incipient letter of the next line; thus—

THE GREEKS ENTERING
THE REGION OF THE MA-
CRONES FOR MEDANAL
LIANCE WITH THEM. AS
T HE PLEDGE OF THEIR
FAITH THE BARBARIANS
GAVE A SPEAR.

The Greeks, especially in the earliest times, divided their compositions into verses, or such short portions of sentences as we mark by a comma, each verse occupying a line; and the number of these verses is often set down at the beginning or end of a book. The numbers of the verses were sometimes placed in the margin.

Much intricacy and difficulty attends the subject of ancient punctuation; nor could any satisfactory account of the rules and exceptions that have been gathered from existing MSS. be given, which should subserve the intention of this work. Generally speaking, though with frequent exceptions, the most ancient books have no separation of words, or punctuation of any kind; others have a separation of words, but no punctuation; in some, every word is separated from the following one by a point. In manuscripts of later date are found a regular punctuation, and marks of accentuation. These circumstances enter into the estimate when the antiquity of a book is under inquiry; but the rules to be observed in considering them cannot be otherwise than recondite and intricate.

Few ancient books are altogether destitute of decorations; and many are splendidly adorned with pictorial ornaments. These consist either of flowery initials, grotesque cyphers, portraits, or even historical compositions. Sometimes diagrams, explanatory of the subjects mentioned by the author, are placed on the margin. Books written for the use of royal persons, or dignified ecclesiastics, usually contain the effigies of the proprietor, often attended by his family, and by some allegorical or celestial minister; while the humble scribe, in monkish attire, kneels and presents the book to his patron.

These illuminations, as they are called, almost always exhibit some costume of the times, or some peculiarity, which serves to mark the age of the manuscript. Indeed a fund of antiquarian information relative to the middle ages has been collected from this source. Many of these pictured books exhibit a high degree of executive talent in the artist, yet labouring under the restraints of a barbarous taste.—*Taylor's History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times.*

SOUTHERN AFRICAN ELOQUENCE.

"It is clear that it is our best policy to march against the enemy before he advances. Let not our towns be the seat of war; let not our houses be stained with bloodshed; let the blood of the enemy be spilt at a distance from our wives and children. Yet some of you talk ignorantly; your words are the words of children or of men confounded. I am left almost alone; my two brothers have abandoned me; they have taken wives from another nation, and allow their wives to direct them; their wives are their kings!" Then turning towards his younger brothers, he imprecated a curse upon them if they should follow the example of their elder brethren. Again addressing the people, he said, "you walk over my head while I sleep, but you now see that the wise Moccosas respect me. Had they not been our friends, we must have fled ere now before the enemy." Turning to Wleeloqua, the eighth speaker, he said, "I hear you, my father; I understand you, my father; your words are true and good for the ear. It is good that we be instructed by the Moccosas. May evil overtake the disobedient! May they be broken in pieces! Be silent, ye women!" (addressing them,) "ye who plague your husbands, who steal their goods, and give them to others, be silent; and hinder not your husbands and children by your evil words. Be silent, ye kidney-eaters,* (turning towards the old men,) ye who are fit for nothing but to prowling about whenever an ox is killed. If our cattle are carried off, where will you get kidneys?"

Then addressing the warriors, he said, "there are many of you who do not deserve to eat out of a broken pot; ye stubborn and stupid men! consider what you have heard, and obey without murmuring. Harken! I command you, ye chiefs of the Matchapees, Matchorooos, Myrees, Barolongs, and Bamacootas, that ye proclaim through all your clans the proceedings of this day, and let none be ignorant. And again I say, ye warriors, prepare for the day of battle; let your shields be strong, your quivers full of arrows, and your battle-axes sharp as hunger." Turning a second time towards the old men and women, he said, "prevent not the warrior from going forth to battle, by your timid counsels. No! rouse up the warrior to glory, and he shall return to you with honourable scars; fresh marks

* The Bechnanas imagine that none who eat of the kidneys of the ox will have any offspring; on this account, no one, except the aged, will taste them. Hence the contemptuous term of "kidney-eaters," synonymous with dotard.

of valour shall cover his thigh;* and then we shall renew the war-song and dance, and rehearse the story of our achievements."

CHARACTER OF PITT.

By the late Right Hon. G. Canning.

THE character of this illustrious statesman early passed its ordeal. Scarcely had he attained the age at which reflection commences, than Europe with astonishment beheld him filling the first place in the councils of his country, and manage the vast mass of its concerns with all the vigour and steadiness of the most matured wisdom. Dignity, strength, discretion, these were among the masterly qualities of his mind at its first dawn. He had been nurtured a statesman, and his knowledge was of that kind which always lies ready for practical application. Not dealing in the subtleties of abstract politics, but moving in the slow, steady procession of reason, his conceptions were reflective, and his views correct. Habitually attentive to the concerns of government, he spared no pains to acquaint himself with whatever was connected, however minutely, with its prosperity. He was devoted to the state: its interests engrossed all his study, and engaged all his care: it was the element alone in which he seemed to live and move. He allowed himself but little recreation from his labours; his mind was always on its station, and his activity was unremitted.

He did not hastily adopt a measure, nor hastily abandon it. The plan struck out by him for the preservation of Europe was the result of prophetic wisdom and profound policy. But though defeated in many respects by the selfish ambition and short-sighted imbecility of foreign powers, whose rulers were too venal or too weak to follow the flight of that mind which would have taught them to outwing the storm, the policy involved in it was still a secret operation on the conduct of surrounding states. His plans were full of energy, and the principles which inspired them looked beyond the consequences of the hour. In a period of change and convulsion, the most perilous in the history of Great Britain, when sedition stalked abroad, and when the emissaries of France and the abettors of her regicide factions formed a league powerful from their number, and formidable by their talent, in that awful crisis the promptitude of his measures saved his country.

* The warriors receive a new scar on the thigh for every enemy they kill in battle.

He knew nothing of that timid and wavering cast of mind which dares not abide by its own decision. He never suffered popular prejudice or party clamour to turn him aside from any measure which his deliberate judgment had adopted; he had a proud reliance on himself, and it was justified. Like the sturdy warrior leaning on his own battle-axe, conscious where his strength lay, he did not readily look beyond it.

As a debater in the House of Commons, his speeches were logical and argumentative: if they did not often abound in the graces of metaphor, or sparkle with the brilliancy of wit, they were always animated, elegant, and classical. The strength of his oratory was intrinsic; it presented the rich and abundant resource of a clear discernment and a correct taste. His speeches are stamped with inimitable marks of originality. When replying to his opponents, his readiness was not more conspicuous than his energy: he was always prompt and always dignified. He could sometimes have recourse to the sportiveness of irony, but he did not often seek any other aid than was to be derived from an arranged and extensive knowledge of his subject. This qualified him fully to discuss the arguments of others, and forcibly to defend his own. Thus armed, it was rarely in the power of his adversaries, mighty as they were, to beat him from the field. His eloquence, occasionally rapid, electric, vehement, was always chaste, winning, and persuasive, not awing into acquiescence, but arguing into conviction. His understanding was bold and comprehensive: nothing seemed too remote for its reach, or too large for its grasp. Unallured by dissipation, and unswayed by pleasure, he never sacrificed the national treasure to the one, or the national interest to the other. To his unswerving integrity the most authentic of all testimony is to be found in that unbounded public confidence which followed him throughout the whole of his political career.

Absorbed as he was in the pursuits of public life, he did not neglect to prepare himself in silence for that higher destination, which is at once the incentive and reward of human virtue. His talents, superior and splendid as they were, never made him forgetful of that eternal wisdom from which they emanated. The faith and fortitude of his last moments were affecting and exemplary. In his forty-seventh year, and in the meridian of his fame, he died on the twenty-third of January, one thousand eight hundred and six.

The Lecturer.

VERTIGO, OR GIDDINESS.

Vertigo, or *giddiness*, though unattended with pain, is, in general, of a more dangerous nature than the severest headache. *Vertigo* consists in a disturbance of the *voluntary power*, and in some degree of *sensation*, especially of *vision*; and thus it shows itself to be an affection of the brain itself; while mere pain in the head does not necessarily imply this, it being for the most part an affection of the membranes only. In *vertigo*, objects that are fixed appear to be in motion, or to turn round, as the name implies. The patient loses his balance, and is inclined to fall down. It often is followed immediately by severe headache. *Vertigo* is apt to recur, and thus often becomes frequent and habitual. After a time the mental powers become impaired, and complete idiocy often follows; as was the case in the celebrated Dean Swift. It frequently terminates in apoplexy or palsy, from the extension of disease in the brain.

Causes.—*Vertigo* is induced by whatever is capable of disturbing suddenly the circulation of the brain, whether in the way of increase or diminution: thus the approach of *syncope*, whether produced by loss of blood, or a feeling of nausea; blows on the head, occasioning a concussion of the brain; stooping; swinging; whirling; or other unusual motions of the body, as in sailing, are the ordinary exciting causes of the disease. *Vertigo* is exceedingly frequent at an advanced period of life, and generally indicates the approach and formation of disease in the brain. Accordingly, it is a frequent forerunner of *apoplexy* and *palsy*.

The immediate or *proximate* cause of *giddiness*, or *vertigo*, that is, the actual condition of the brain at the moment, is probably some partial disturbance in the circulation there; which all the *occasional causes* mentioned are obviously calculated to produce. It is more or less dangerous, according to the cause inducing it, and the state of the brain itself, which may be sound or otherwise. And as this cannot be certainly known, nor the extent of it when actually present, the event is of course uncertain. At all times, your *prognosis* should be guarded; because *vertigo* seldom occurs under favourable circumstances of age and general health; unless when produced by so slight a cause as *bloodletting*, or a trifling blow upon the head. Whenever *vertigo* recurs frequently, and at an advanced period of life; and more particularly when it is

accompanied with drowsiness; weakness of the voluntary muscles; impaired memory, or judgment; or, in short, any other disturbance or imperfection in the state of the *sensorial* functions; an unfavourable result is to be expected; because all these afford decisive evidence of a considerable degree and extent of disease in the brain.—*Dr. Chatterbuck's Lectures on the Nervous System.*

BATHING.

IN this season of the year, a few hints on the temperature of the body prior to cold immersion, may not unaptly be furnished. It is commonly supposed, that if a person have made himself warm with walking, or any other exercise, he must wait till he becomes cooled before he should plunge into the cold water. Dr. Currie, however, has shown that this is an erroneous idea, and that in the earlier stages of exercise, before profuse perspiration has dissipated the heat, and fatigue debilitated the living power, nothing is more safe, according to his experience, than the cold bath. This is so true, that the same author constantly directed infirm persons to use such a degree of exercise before emersion, as might produce increased action of the vascular system, with some increase of heat; and thus secure a force of re-action under the shock, which otherwise might not always take place. The popular opinion, that it is safest to go perfectly cool into the water, is founded on erroneous notions, and is sometimes productive of injurious consequences. Thus, persons heated and beginning to perspire, often think it necessary to wait on the edge of the bath until they are perfectly cooled.

Useful Domestic Hints.

TAINTED MEAT.

MEAT tainted to an extreme degree may be speedily restored by washing it in cold water, and afterwards in strong camomile tea; after which it may be sprinkled with salt, and used the following day; or if steeped and well washed in beer, it will make pure and sweet soup even after being fly-blown.

TO BREW THREE BARRELS OF PORTER.

TAKE one quarter of high-dried malt, with one or two pecks of patent malt; mash in the same manner as directed for beer. Add the following ingredients: eight pounds of good hops, one pound of liquorice root, two pounds of Spanish

juice, half a pound of ground ginger, one pound of salt, eight ounces of hartshorn shavings, and four ounces of porter extract.

Separate the hops, and run the wort on them; when placed in the copper, and in a state of ebullition, infuse the whole of the other ingredients. Let it boil about one hour, or till you discover the surface of the liquor to become flaky, and the wort broken; then take it from the copper and strain it into the coolers. Now proceed in the usual way till it be fit to rack, which will be in about a fortnight; draw it off into another vat, in which let it remain three hours to settle, and in the mean time wash the cask quite clean; draw from the vat the contents, and return them to the cask, leaving the sediment that has lodged during the three hours. If the colour be not full enough, add, when racking, some brandy colouring, which soon gives to it that pleasing appearance peculiar to good porter. Do not fill the cask quite full; bung it close the following day, but leave the peg-hole open for a few days, or a week, according to the state of the atmosphere; peg it when you think it is fine; and if it appear to be fast approaching to clearness, and has stood long enough for the attainment of maturity, tap it, and draw it quickly; for porter, in cask, always requires a quick draught, and when it gets flat bottle it off as soon as possible.

It will improve greatly by standing a few months in the bottle.—*The Vintner's Guide.*

WELSH ALE.

Four forty-two gallons of water, hot, but not quite boiling, on eight bushels of malt; cover, and let it stand three hours. In the mean time infuse four pounds of hops in a little hot water; and put the water and hops into the tub, and run the wort upon them, and boil them together three hours. Strain off the hops, and keep for the small beer. Let the wort stand in a high tub till cool enough to receive the yeast, of which put two quarts of ale, or, if you cannot get it, of small-beer yeast. Mix it thoroughly and often. When the wort has done working, the second or third day the yeast will sink rather than rise in the middle; remove it then, and turn the ale as it works out; pour a quart in at a time, and gently, to prevent the fermentation from continuing too long, which weakens the liquor. Put a bit of paper over the bung-hole two or three days before stopping up.—*Ibid.*

MILK PUNCH.

Take six oranges and six lemons, as thin

as you can; grate them after with sugar to get the flavour. Steep the peels in a bottle of rum or brandy, stopped close, twenty-four hours; squeeze the fruit on two pounds of sugar; add to it four quarts of water, and one of new milk, boiling hot; stir the rum into the above, and run it through a jelly-bag till perfectly clear. Bottle, and cork close immediately.—*Ibid.*

EXCELLENT LEMONADE.

To the rinds of ten lemons, pared very thin, put one pound of fine loaf-sugar, and two quarts of spring-water, boiling hot; stir it to dissolve the sugar; let it stand twenty-four hours, covered close; then squeeze in the juice of the ten lemons; add one pint of white wine; boil a pint of new milk, pour it hot on the ingredients; when cold, run it through a close filtering-bag, when it will be fit for immediate use.—*Ibid.*

Arts and Sciences.

ATTRACTION.

Logs of wood floating in a pond approach each other, and afterwards remain in contact. The wreck of a ship, in a smooth sea after a storm, is often seen gathered into heaps. Two bullets or plummets, suspended by strings near to each other, are found by the delicate test of the torsion balance to attract each other, and therefore not to hang quite perpendicularly. A plummet suspended near the side of a mountain, inclines towards it in a degree proportioned to its magnitude; as was ascertained by the wellknown trials of Dr. Maskeleyne near the mountain Skehalion, in Scotland. And the reason why the plummet tends much more strongly towards the earth than towards the hill, is only that the earth is larger than the hill. And at New South Wales, which is a point on our globe nearly opposite to England, plummets hang and fall towards the centre of the globe, exactly as they do here, so that they are hanging up and falling towards England, and the people there are standing with their feet towards us. Weight, therefore, is merely general attraction acting every where. It is owing to this general attraction that our earth is a globe. All its parts being drawn towards each other, that is, towards the common centre, the mass assumes the spherical or rounded form. And the moon also is round, and all the planets are round; the glorious sun, so much larger than all these, is round; proving, that all must at once

time have been fluid, and that they are all subject to the same law. Other instances of roundness from this cause are—the particles of a mist or fog floating in air; these mutually attracting and coalescing into larger drops, and forming rain; dew drops; water trickling on a duck's wing; the tear dropping from the cheek; drops of laudanum; globules of mercury, like pure silver beads, coalescing when near, and forming larger ones; melted lead allowed to rain down from an elevated sieve, which cools as it descends, so as to retain the form of its liquid drops; and become the spherical shot-lead of the sportsman. The cause of the extraordinary phenomenon, which we call attraction, acts at all distances. The moon, though 240,000 miles from the earth, by her attraction raises the water of the ocean under her, and forms what we call the tide. The sun, still farther off, has a similar influence; and when the sun and moon act in the same direction, we have the spring tides. The planets, those apparently little wandering points in the heaven, yet affect, by their attraction, the motion of our earth in her orbit, quickening it when she is approaching them, retarding it when she is receding.

Arnott's Natural Philosophy.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

CITY FEASTING.

THE following is the bill of fare for the Court of Assistants of the Worshipful the Company of Wax Chandlers, London, 1478:—Two loins of veal, and two loins of mutton, 1s. 4d.; one loin of beef, 4d.; one dozen of pigeons and one dozen of rabbits, 9d.; one pig and one capon, 1s.; one goose and a hundred eggs, 1s. 4d.; one leg of mutton, 2½d.; two gallons of sack, 1s. 4d.; eight gallons of strong ale, 1s. 6d.—7s. 6d.

THE fathers of the church considered the earth as a great ship, surrounded by water, with the prow to the east and the stern to the west. We still find in Cosmas, a monk of the fourteenth century, a sort of geographical chart, in which the earth has this figure. Even among the ancients, though many of their geometericians had acknowledged the sphericity of the globe, it was for a long time imagined that the earth was a third longer than it was broad, and thence arose the terms of *longitude* and *latitude*. St. Athanasius expresses himself most warmly

against astronomers. "Let us stop the mouths of these barbarians," he exclaims, "who, speaking without proof, dare assert that the heavens also extend under the earth."

AUGUSTUS gave an admirable example how a person who sends a challenge should be treated. When Marc Antony, after the battle of Actium, defied him to single combat, his answer to the messenger who brought it was, "Tell Marc Antony, if he be weary of life, there are other ways to end it; I shall not take the trouble of becoming his executioner."

AN Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, cautioned the public against trusting her in these words:—"My wife has eloped from me without rhyme or reason, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, for I am not married to her."

THE Duke of Byron heard the decree for his instant death pronounced by the Revolutionary Tribunal, 1793, with unmoved tranquillity. On returning to prison, his philosophy maintained that character of Epicurean indifference which had accompanied his happier years; he ordered some oysters and white wine. The executioner entered as he was taking this last repast. "My friend," said the duke, "I will attend you; but you must let me finish my oysters. You must require strength for the business you have to perform: you shall drink a glass of wine with me." He filled a glass for the executioner, another for the turnkey, and one for himself, and went to the place of execution, where he met death with the courage that distinguished almost all the victims of that fearful period.

A GASCON boasted in every company that he was descended from so ancient a family, that he was still paying at that very day the interest of a sum which his ancestors had borrowed to pay their expenses when they went to adore our Saviour at Bethlehem.

THERE is now living in Pontenovo, in Corsica, a shepherdess, who successively refused the hand of Augereau, then a corporal, and of Bernadotte, then a sergeant in that island. She little dreamt that she was declining to be a marchale of France or the queen of Sweden!

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